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SOUVENIR AND LIBRETTO

The D'Oyly Carte

OPERA COMPANY

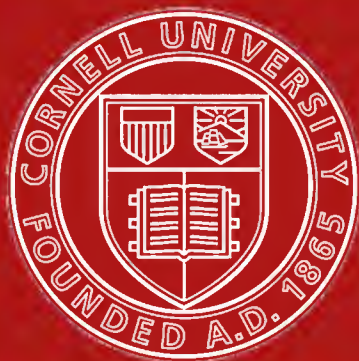


Gilbert and Sullivan

OPERAS

COX AND BOX

H. M. S. PINAFORE



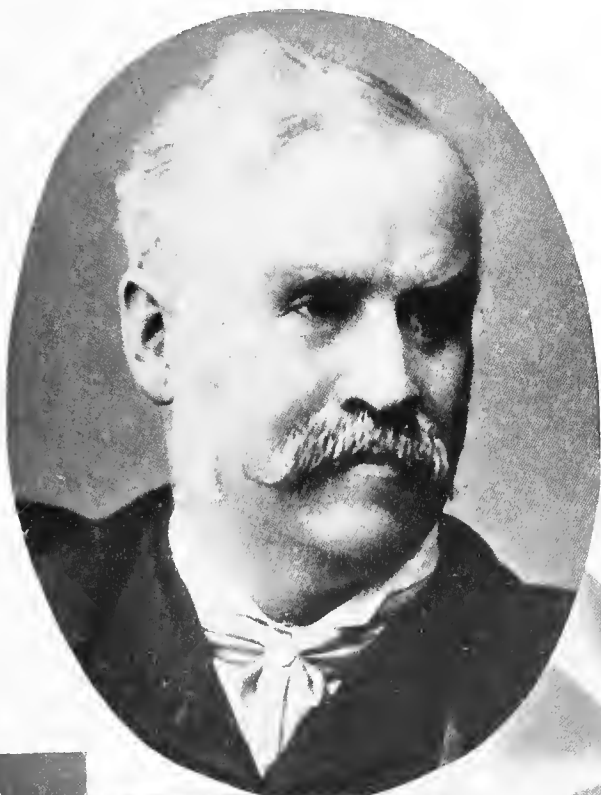
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The Unique Triumvirate Which Originated the
GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS



Sir W. S. Gilbert
(Who wrote the Libretti)



Sir Arthur Sullivan
(Who composed the music)



Mr. Richard D'Oyly Carte
The co-ordinating Genius

GILBERT and SULLIVAN

and D'OYLY CARTE

ed.



"When most people recall the artistic significance of Elizabethan England, they think inevitably of Shakespeare. In much the same way the most distinctive dramatic feature of the Victorian epoch discloses itself as the unique series of operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. Though they were all produced during the reign of Victoria, the operas are in no sense Victorian in the narrow sense of the term. They are not period pieces, but live because, like Shakespeare's work itself, they touch the universals of life. Even then, it is very doubtful whether they would have had the chance of developing and continuing to attract but for the finely understanding management of Richard D'Oyly Carte, who, amid many differences of temperament in the two, made their collaboration possible."

The story of Gilbert and Sullivan is extraordinarily interesting. They did not meet till 1871, when Frederick Clay, the composer of "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," brought them together: and their meeting was not a real success till 1875, when D'Oyly Carte re-introduced them in the delicious "Trial by Jury." In the case of all three there had been a long period of preparation, as there really is in all so-called miracles.

William Schwenck Gilbert (1836-1911) — his middle name did not stand for any German blood — was born, like Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte, in London, seeing the light in a house within a stone's throw of the Savoy Theatre, which rose on the foundations of their united effort. Though born into a literary household, he did not begin writing till he was twenty-two, and then in the uncongenial atmosphere of a government office varied by the discipline of a Highland militia regiment.

Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900), the son of an army bandmaster, was more precocious, for the first music he composed, an anthem, was at the age of eight, and another was sung when he was thirteen by the Chapel Royal at St. James' Palace, of which he was one of the scarlet-and-gold gowned Choristers. He had been born near the Archbishop of Canterbury's ancient palace of Lambeth, and he and some of his contemporaries long believed that church music was his metier, whereas it is the music he wrote to Gilbert's words which ensures his fame.

Richard D'Oyly Carte (1844-1901), born not far from the theatre where "Trial by Jury" was produced, came, like Sullivan, of musical stock, his father being a flutist and partner of a musical instrument firm: and he himself composed an operetta at the age of four and twenty. Such were the elements placed in the crucible, and it was D'Oyly Carte who "set them to simmer" and gave us the unique product known all the world over as Savoy Opera.

It came about in this way. Carte was manager to Selina Dolaro, who was presenting Offenbach's "La Peri-hole" at the Royalty Theatre, still standing in Dean Street, Soho, not far from where he had been born. Wanting a curtain raiser, he got Gilbert to supply a libretto — based on a short sketch he had contributed in 1868 to the weekly comic *Fun* — to music by Sullivan. "Trial by Jury" which was the result, and which remains as fresh as ever, was produced at the Royalty on March 25, 1875 — annus mirabilis — and took the town by storm, for everybody felt that something unique and wholly new had been achieved.

But nobody saw the possibility of more work of the same kind so unerringly as Richard D'Oyly Carte, who formed a Comedy Opera Company to concentrate on their combined work, beginning with "The Sorcerer," produced at the Opera Comique, long since vanished, in the Strand, on November 17, 1877. Yet, optimistic and far-sighted as he was, not even D'Oyly Carte probably foresaw that the combination would last until eleven more operas had been produced during the next nineteen years (1877-1896), introducing, from first to last, no fewer than a hundred and fifty-six different characters, independent of the chorus, one of them, Pooh Bah in "The Mikado" taking his place as firmly in the gallery of great stage figures as Falstaff himself. Nor probably did any of the three imagine that Gilbert and Sullivan opera would be as living and adored a force as it is to-day, over sixty years after it was first introduced to a wholly delighted world. It is surely the story of the mustard seed in excelsis: and here it is back to America, which saw its first Gilbert and Sullivan in Boston on November 25, 1878. "The Sorcerer" was followed with ever increasing success by "H. M. S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance."

The next great step was Carte's creation of the perfect and permanent home for Gilbert and Sullivan. So he built the Savoy Theatre, the first in London to be lighted by electricity — and it was opened on October 10, 1881, with the continued run of "Patience," the fourth of the series, and the marvellous series was absolutely unbroken till the end of the run of "The Gondoliers," produced in 1889.

Why, you may ask, did Savoy Opera capture from the first the imagination of the public, whom it still holds generation after generation, as no other product of the modern stage does? There are various reasons. To begin with, Gilbert raised libretto to a fine art: with the result that he is practically the only librettist whose name is as well known to the average playgoer as that of the composer. That had never been done before, and it has not been done since to anything like the same extent. When you think of

the miserable librettos which Schikaneder and Da Ponte supplied to Mozart, you marvel that, with all his supreme genius, he was ever able to write music to it. Certain it is, the lyrics of his librettist can never have suggested to him a line of the music which he wrote for them. As a symbol of the importance of his contribution, note that Gilbert called his songs "lyrics," and not "numbers," as a later and more slovenly generation does. Gilbert, moreover, insisted that his text should be spoken as he wrote it, and not gagged and maltreated by every new interpreter: and, being a martinet as a stage producer, though the word was not yet invented—he insisted on a uniform method of presentation, which bears an unmistakable hall mark anywhere.

A marvellous jingler, rising at times, and almost in spite of himself, to fine poetry—for Gilbert's essentially English genius lay in the region of what is now called "debunking" human folly—Gilbert set Sullivan singing on the instant, so that words and music dovetail into one another as if they were the products of the same mind, like the philosophy of the Gondolier twin kings. The result is that words are remembered by an audience in a way unmatched by any other librettist, and scores of his lines have become an integral part of our speech, so that the latest anthologist of quotations actually inventories over seventy of them.

The Savoy Operas then, were not only produced perfectly from the very start, but they have continued being played perfectly down all the years. This has been due to the unique continuity of management and stage directorship from first to last, made possible through the D'Oyly Carte family. Both Gilbert and Sullivan died without issue. But the tradition so firmly established by the librettist and composer themselves, and interpreted so sympathetically by Mr. D'Oyly Carte himself, was carried on by his widow, the late Helen D'Oyly Carte, who did much for the production

of the operas in America in the early eighties. Since she died in 1913 the tradition has been maintained by Richard D'Oyly Carte's surviving son, Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, who has been brought up in the whole tradition, and who sends the present company to America.

The remarkable continuity has also been maintained by the fact that the practical stage directorship, during most of the years, has been in the hands of a man who learned the tradition from Gilbert and Sullivan themselves, and who knows to a nicety every nuance, every movement of each opera, and how its creators wished it to be done.

Under this system the players, generation after generation, have been trained on the same model as the parent company at the Savoy itself.

The justification for this method is overwhelming. Gilbert and Sullivan were unique—Gilbert especially being so idiosyncratic that he was the beginning and the end of his type of humour. Therefore their operas must be interpreted in their own special manner. The inherited secret of that manner is in the hands and hearts of the D'Oyly Carte Company which has toured for over fifty years visiting the large cities on both continents and appearing at intervals at the parent Savoy Theatre, London.

One of the most valuable assets of the great Gilbert and Sullivan tradition, which should appeal greatly to Americans, who have a subtle ear for authentic diction, has been the preservation of an English, beautifully and articulately spoken. The preservation of this beautiful English by the Savoyards has been in part automatic, because it is impossible to pronounce Gilbert's verses without a complete evaluation of every syllable—and in many cases, of the rhyme, for Gilbert insisted, as no other librettist has ever insisted, on having his libretto heard by the audience.



THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE



THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD



THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE



THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD



PATIENCE



IOLANTHE

COX AND BOX

OR

THE LONG-LOST BROTHERS.

TRIUMVIRETTA IN ONE ACT.

ADAPTED TO THE LYRIC STAGE FROM J. MADDISON MORTON'S FARCE

OF

“BOX AND COX,”

BY

F. C. BURNAND.

THE MUSIC BY

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JAMES JOHN COX	...	A Journeyman Hatter	...	...	...	<i>Baritone</i>
JOHN JAMES BOX	...	A Journeyman Printer	...	...	...	<i>Tenor</i>
SERGEANT BOUNCER	...	{ A Lodging House Keeper, } { with military reminiscences }		..	..	<i>Baritone</i>

COX AND BOX.

No. 1. OVERTURE.

SCENE.—*A Room; a bed, with curtains closed; three doors; a window; a fireplace; table and chairs.*

COX, *dressed, with the exception of his coat, is looking at himself in a small looking-glass, which he holds in his hand.*

COX. Eight o'clock! (*Knock at door.*) Come in!

Enter SERGEANT BOUNCER.

BOUN. Good morning, Colonel Cox. Why, you've had your hair cut!

COX. Cut! It strikes me I've had it mowed! I look as if I'd been cropped for the Army—

BOUN. The Army!—I recollect when I was in the Militia—

COX. Ah! now he's off on his hobby. [*Exit.*]

No. 2. SONG.—BOUNCER.

"RATAPLAN."

We sounded the trumpet, we beat the drum,
Somehow the enemy didn't come,
So I gave up my horse
In Her Majesty's force,
As there wasn't a foeman
To meet with the yeoman;
And so no invasion
Threatened the nation.
There wasn't a man
In the rear or the van,
Who found an occasion to sing Rataplan!
Rataplan! Rataplan! Rataplan! Rataplan,
plan, plan, plan!

Enter Cox.

COX. This comes of having one's hair cut. None of my hats will fit me. By-the-bye, Bouncer, I wish to know how it is that I frequently find my apartment full of smoke?

BOUN. Why—I suppose the chimney—

COX. The chimney doesn't smoke tobacco. I'm speaking of tobacco smoke.

BOUN. Why, the gentleman who has got the attics is hardly ever without a pipe in his mouth.

COX. Ah! then you mean to say that this gentleman's smoke, instead of emulating the example of all other sorts of smoke, and going *up* the chimney, thinks proper to affect a singularity by taking the contrary direction?

BOUN. Why—

COX. Then I suppose the gentleman you are speaking of is the individual that I invariably meet coming up stairs when I'm going down, and going down when I'm coming up?

BOUN. Why—yes—I—

COX. I should set him down as a gentleman connected with the printing interest.

BOUN. Yes, sir. Good morning. [*Going.*]

No. 3. DUET.—COX AND BOUNCER.

"STAY, BOUNCER, STAY."

COX (*recit.*).

Stay, Bouncer, stay!

To me it has occurred

That now's the time with you to have a word.

BOUN. (*aside*).

What can he mean?

I tremble—ah! I tremble!

COX. Listen!

BOUN. With pleasure. (*Aside*) Yes! I must dissemble.

COX. Now, coals is coals, as sure as eggs is eggs,
Coals haven't souls, no more than they have legs;
But, as you will admit, the case is so,
Legs or no legs, my coals contrive to go!

BOUN. Well, I should say—or as it seems to me—

COX. Exactly.

BOUN. Quite so,

COX. Then we both agree.

BOUN. As we agree, good-day.

COX. I've something *more* to say.

'Tis not my coals alone.

BOUN. Ah! why this cruel tone?

COX. But other things as dear as *they* to me
Which in that little closet

I carefully deposit,

In them a sure and gradual loss I see,
Until their case the poet's words express,
Small by degrees and beautifully less.

And now, Sergeant Bouncer,

I beg to announce, sir,

For ne'er was occasion as this half so good,

Whate'er may my coals ail,

These things go by wholesale,

My lucifers, candles, tea, sugar and wood.

BOUN. Mister Cox, Mister Cox,
My feelings overpower me,
That his lodger, his friendly lodger
Should once suspect that Bouncer is—

Cox. A dodger.

BOUN. As to who takes your coals, wood and all that,
It must have been—

Cox. No! no! 'Twas not the cat!

BOUN. Rataplan, rataplan, I'm a military man,
Rough, honest, I hope, though unpolished,
And I'll bet you a hat, that as to the cat,
The cat in the Army's abolished!

Cox. Rataplan, rataplan, you're a military man,
Honest, I hope, though it doesn't appear,
And as to the cat, the treacherous cat,
If it isn't in the Army, don't have it here.

BOTH. Rataplan, rataplan, $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{'I'm} \\ \text{'he's} \end{array} \right\}$ a military man,
[Exit Cox.]

BOUN. He's gone at last! I was in fear Mr. Box should come in before Mr. Cox went out. Luckily they've never met yet; for Mr. Box is hard at work at a newspaper office all night, and doesn't come home till the morning, and Mr. Cox is busy making hats all day long, and doesn't come home till night; so that I'm getting double rent for my room, and neither of my lodgers is any the wiser for it. Now, let me put Mr. Cox's things out of Mr. Box's way.

Box (*without*). Pooh—pooh! Why don't you keep your own side of the staircase, sir? (*Enters—puts his head out of door again, shouting.*) It was as much your fault as mine, sir! I say, sir—it was as much your fault as mine, sir!

BOUN. Dear, dear, Mr. Box! what a temper you are in, to be sure! I declare, you are quite *pale*.

Box. What colour would you have a man to be who has been setting up long leaders for a daily paper all night?

BOUN. Oh, certainly, Mr. Box! [Going.]

Box. Stop! Can you inform me who the individual is that I invariably encounter going down stairs when I'm coming up, and coming up stairs when I'm going down?

BOUN. (*confused*). Oh—yes—the gentleman in the attic, sir.

Box. Oh! There's nothing particularly remarkable about him, except his hats. I meet him in all sorts of hats—white hats and black hats—hats with broad brims, and hats with narrow brims; in short, I have come to the conclusion that he must be associated with the hatting interest.

BOUN. Yes, sir! And they tell me that's why he took the *hatties*! [Exit BOUNCER, L. C. D.]

Box. Now, let me see—I've got a rasher of bacon somewhere (*feeling in his pockets*)—Oh, here it is (*produces it, wrapped in paper, and places it on the table*)—and a penny roll. The next thing is to light the fire.

(*Looking on mantelpiece and taking match box, opens it.*) Now, 'pon my life, this is too bad of Bouncer! I had a whole box full three days ago, and there's only one! (*Lights the fire, then takes down gridiron.*) Bouncer has been using my gridiron! The last article of consumption that I cooked upon it was a pork chop, and now it is powerfully impregnated with the odour of red herrings! (*Places gridiron on fire, and then, with a fork, lays rasher of bacon on the gridiron.*) How sleepy I am, to be sure!

No. 4. SONG.—Box.

"A LULLABY."

Hushed is the bacon on the grid,
I'll take a nap and close my eye,
Soon shall I be nodding, nodding nid,
Nid, nodding, nodding, nodding, nodding,
Singing lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Hush-a-bye, bacon, on the coal top,
Till I awaken, there you will stop,
Lullaby, lullaby.

(*Enter Cox, L. Delight is depicted on his expressive countenance; he dances joyously while singing.*)

No. 5. SONG.—Cox.

"MY MASTER IS PUNCTUAL."

Cox. My master is punctual always in *business*;
Unpunctuality, even slight, *is in his*
Eyes such a crime that on showing my *phiz* in his
Shop, I thought there'd be the devil to pay.

(*Dances with renewed delight.*)

My aged employer, with his physiognomy
Shining from soap like a star in astronomy,
Said, "Mister Cox, you'll oblige me and honour
If you will take this as your holiday. [me

(*Dances with increased delight and satisfaction.*)

Visions of Brighton and back and of Rosherville,
Cheap fare excursions, already the *squash* I feel;
Fearing the rain, put on my Mackin-tosh I will;
Now for my breakfast, my light *de-jeu-nay*.

Cox. I bought a mutton chop. (*Puts chop on table.*) Good gracious! I've forgot the bread. Hallo! what's this? A roll, I declare. Come, that's lucky! Now then to light the fire. Hallo! (*seeing the lucifer box on table*). Why, it's empty! I left one in it—I'll take my oath I did. Why, the fire is lighted! Where's the gridiron? On the fire, I declare. And what's that on it? Bacon? Bacon it is! Well, now, 'pon my life, there is a quiet coolness about Bouncer's proceedings that's almost amusing. He takes my last lucifer—my coals—and my gridiron, to cook his breakfast by! No, no—I can't stand this! Come out of that! (*Pokes fork into bacon, and puts it on a plate on the table, then places his chop on the gridiron, which he puts on the fire.*) Now then, for my things. (*Opens door L., and goes out, slamming the door after him.*)

Box (*suddenly showing his head from behind curtains*). Come in! I wonder how long I've been asleep! (*Suddenly recollecting*.) Goodness gracious! my bacon. (*Leaps off bed and runs to the fireplace*.) Hallo, what's this? A chop? Whose chop? Bouncer's, I'll be bound. He thought to cook his breakfast while I was asleep—with my coals, too—and my gridiron. Ha, ha! But where's my bacon? (*Seeing it on table*.) Here it is! Well, 'pon my life! And shall I curb my indignation? Shall I falter in my vengeance? No! (*Digs the fork into the chop and throws chop out of window. With fork he puts the bacon on the gridiron again*.) I may as well lay my breakfast things. (*Opens door at R. and exits, slamming door after him*.)

Cox (*putting his head in quickly at L. D.*). Come in—come in! (*Opens door and enters with a small tray, on which are tea-things, &c., which he places on table L., and suddenly recollects*.) Oh, goodness! my chop! (*Running to fireplace*.) Hallo! what's this? The bacon again! Confound it—dash it—damn it—I can't stand this! (*Pokes fork into bacon and flings it out of window, and returns for tea-things; encounters BOX with his tea-things—they come down C. of stage together*.)

No. 6.—TRIO.

"WHO ARE YOU, SIR?"

Cox. Who are you, sir? tell me who?

Box. If it comes to that, sir, who are you?

Cox. Who are you, sir?

Box. What's that to you, sir?

Cox. What's that to *who*, sir?

Box. Who, sir? You, sir?

BOTH (*aside*). Yes, 'tis the {printer!
hatter!

Cox and Box (*sing together with suppressed fury*).
Printer, printer, take a hint,
Hatter, hatter, cease your clatter, }
Leave my room, or else shall I
Vainly struggle with the fire—
With the raging fierce desire
To do you an injury.

Cox. Your room!
If on that you're bent,
Here is my receipt for rent.

Box. Your receipt is very fine;
If you come to that, sir,
Here is mine!

Cox. Thieves!

Box. Murder!

BOTH. Bouncer! He can settle the {hatter!
printer!
Turn out the man!

Enter BOUNCER.

BOUN. Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan!

THE THREE.

Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan,
Rataplan, plan, plan, plan!

Box. Instantly remove that hatter!

Cox. Immediately turn out that printer!

BOUN. Well—but, gentlemen—

Cox. Explain!

Box. Explain! Whose room is this?

Cox. Yes—whose room is this?

Box. Doesn't it belong to me?

BOUN. No!

Cox. There! You hear, sir—it belongs to me!

BOUN. No—it belongs to both of you!

Cox. } Both of us!
Box. }

BOUN. Gents, don't be angry—but, you see, this gentleman (*pointing to Box*) only being at home in the daytime, and that gentleman (*pointing to Cox*) at night, I thought I might venture, until my little back second floor room was ready—

Cox. } When will your little back second floor
Box. } room be ready?—

BOUN. Why, to-morrow.

Cox. I'll take it!

Box. So will I!

BOUN. Excuse me—but if you both take it, you may just as well stop where you are.

BOTH. True.

BOUN. Now don't quarrel, gentlemen. I'll see if I can't get the other room ready this very day. [*Exit*.]

Cox. What a disgusting position!

Box. Will you allow me to observe, if you have not had any exercise to-day, you'd better go out and take it?

Cox. I shall not do anything of the sort, sir.

Box. Very well, sir.

Cox. Very well, sir? However, don't let me prevent *you* from going out.

Box. Don't flatter yourself, sir. I shall retire to my pillow.

Cox. I beg your pardon, sir—I cannot allow anyone to rumple my bed.

Box. *Your* bed? Hark ye, sir, can you fight?

Cox. No, sir.

Box. No? Then come on!

Cox. Sit down, sir—or I'll instantly call "Police!"

Box. I say, sir—

Cox. Well, sir?

Box. Although we are doomed to occupy the same room for a few hours longer, I don't see any necessity for our cutting each other's throat, sir.

Cox. Not at all. It's an operation that I should decidedly object to.

Box. And, after all, I've no violent animosity against you, sir.

Cox. Nor have I any rooted antipathy to you, sir.

Box. Besides, it was all Bouncer's fault, sir.
 Cox. Entirely, sir.
 Box. Very well, sir !
 Cox. Very well, sir !
 Box. Do you sing, sir ?
 Cox. I sometimes dabble in a serenade.
 Box. Then dabble away.

No. 7.—DUET SERENADE.
 "THE BUTTERCUP."

Cox. The buttercup dwells on the lowly mead,
 The daisy is bright to see ;
 But brighter far are the eyes that read
 The thoughts in the heart of me.
 I come by night, I come by day,
 I come in the morn to sing my lay ;
 I know my notes, I count each bar,
 Box. I play on the concertina, the concertina too.
 Cox. Fiddleiddledum.
 Box. Fiddleiddledum, Fiddleiddle, iddle, iddle,
 iddle.
 I come by night, I come by day,
 Cox. Fiddleiddledum, Fiddleiddledum.
 Box. I come in the morn to sing my lay.
 Cox. Fiddleiddledum, Fiddleiddledum.
 Box. I know my notes, I count each bar,
 And I've learnt a tune on the gay guitar.

Box. Have you read this month's Bradshaw, sir ?
 Cox. No, sir—my wife wouldn't let me.
 Box. Your *wife* ?
 Cox. That is—my *intended* wife.
 Box. Well, that's the same thing ! I congratulate you.
 Cox. Thank ye. You needn't disturb yourself, sir—
 —she won't come here. My *intended* wife happens to
 be the proprietor of a considerable number of bathing
 machines—
 Box. Ha ! Where ?
 Cox. At a favourite watering place. How curious
 you are !
 Box. Not at all. Well ?
 Cox. Consequently, in the bathing season—which,
 luckily, is rather a long one—we see but little of each
 other. Are *you* married ?
 Box. Me ? Why—not exactly !
 Cox. Ah ! A happy bachelor ?
 Box. Why—not precisely !
 Cox. Oh ! A—widower ?
 Box. No—not absolutely.
 Cox. You'll excuse me, sir—but, at present, I don't
 exactly understand how you can help being one of the
 three.
 Box. Not help it ?

Cox. No, sir—not you, nor any other man alive !
 Box. Ah ! that may be—but I'm not alive !
 Cox. You'll excuse me, sir—but I don't like joking
 upon such subjects.
 Box. But I am perfectly serious, sir—I've been
 defunct for the last three years.
 Cox. Will you be quiet, sir ?
 Box. If you won't believe me, I'll refer you to a very
 large, numerous, and respectable circle of disconsolate
 friends.
 Cox. My dear sir—my *very* dear sir—if there does
 exist any ingenious contrivance whereby a man on
 the eve of committing matrimony can leave this world,
 and yet stop in it, I shouldn't be sorry to know it.
 Box. Then there's nothing more easy. Do as I did.
 Cox. I will ! What is it ?
 Box. Drown yourself !
 Cox. Will you be quiet, sir ?
 Box. Listen :—

No. 8.—ROMANCE.
 "NOT LONG AGO."

Box. Not long ago it was my fate to captivate a widow,
 At Ramsgate.
 Cox. I, 'tis odd to state, the same at Margate
 did, oh !
 Box. By her not liking to be kissed, I thought I'd
 better try to
 In the Life Guards or Blues enlist—
 Cox. How odd ! and so did I too !
 Box. I was not tall enough, they said ;
 Cox. Too short, they said of me.
 Box. The infantry I entered,
 Cox. And I the infantree ;
 Box. My widow offered to purchase
 My discharge from the marching line, oh !
 Cox. That's odd, coincidentally,
 The very same did mine, oh !
 Box. I hesitated to consent,
 For my consent she waited.
 I gave it.
 Cox. Ah ! with mine I went,
 And never hesitated.
 Box. The happy day came near at length—
 We hoped it would be sunny ;
 I found I needed all my strength
 To face the ceremony.
 I suddenly found out I was
 Unworthy to possess her ;
 I told her so at once because
 I feared it might distress her.
 Before the words were out of my mouth,
 There came from the North and flew to the
 South

A something that came unpleasantly near,
Clattering, spattering, battering, shattering,
Dashing, clashing, smashing, flashing, slashing,
crashing, missing,
But whizzing right past my ear.

It shattered itself on the mantelpiece, whop !

Cox. What was it ?

Box. Ah ! tremble ! the basin called *Slop* !
It fell at my feet ;
It would have put the back of a man who was
ever so meek up.
So being thus, baited, I retaliated,
And hurled at my widow a crockery tea-cup.

Cox (*recit.*).
Between you, then, there was a fraction.

Box. And I was threatened with an action.

Cox. O ciel ! proceed.

Box. One morn when I had finished my ablution,
I took—

Cox. A walk ?

Box. No, sir, a resolution.
Friends or foes,
None suppose,
Nobody knows
What I does.
I tie up my clothes,
My shirt and my hose,
My socks for my toes,
My linen for nose,
I think of my woes,
And under the rose

I pack up my bundle, and off I goes.

Cox (*spoken*). Ha ! I see, you left in a tiff !

Box. Listen : I solemnly walked to the cliff,
And singing a sort of a dulcet dirge,
Put down my bundle upon the verge.
Heard the wild sea-gull's mournful cry,
Looked all around—there was nobody nigh ;
None but I on the cliff so high,
And all save the sea was bare and dry,
And I took one look on the wave below,
And I raised my hands in an agony throe,
And I stood on the edge of the rock so steep,
And I gazed like a maniac on the deep ;
I cried, " Farewell, farewell to earth,
Farewell, farewell to the land of my birth ;
Farewell, farewell to my only love,
To the sea below and the sky above :
With a glance at the sea of wild despair,
I cried, " I come " ; my bundle lay there
At the edge, where the coastguard's way was
chalked,
Then away—in the opposite way I walked.

Cox. What a clever man ! What a capital plan !
I've listened with attention,
I think that I should like to try
Your wonderful invention.

BOTH. What a clever man, etc.

Cox. Ingenious creature ! you disappeared—the suit
of clothes was found—

Box. Exactly—and in one of the pockets of the coat
there was also found a piece of paper, with these affecting
farewell words :—" This is thy work, oh, Penelope Ann ! "

Cox. Penelope Ann ! Penelope Ann ?

Box. Penelope Ann !

Cox. Originally widow of William Wiggins ?

Box. Widow of William Wiggins !

Cox. Proprietor of bathing machines ?

Box. Proprietor of bathing machines !

Cox. At Margate ?

Box. And Ramsgate !

Cox. It must be she ! And you, sir—you are Box—the
lamented, long-lost Box ?

Box. I am !

Cox. And I was about to marry the interesting
creature you so cruelly deceived.

Box. Ah ! then you are Cox !

Cox. I am !

Box. I congratulate you—I give you joy !—and now
I think I'll go and take a stroll. (*Going.*)

Cox. No, you don't ! (*Stopping him.*) I'll not lose
sight of you till I've restored you to the arms of your
intended.

Box. *My* intended ? You mean *your* intended.

Cox. No, sir—yours !

Box. How can she be *my* intended, now that I am
drowned ?

Cox. You're no such thing, sir ! and I prefer
presenting you to Penelope Ann. Permit me, then, to
follow the generous impulse of my nature—I give her
up to you.

Box. Benevolent being ! I wouldn't rob you for
the world. (*Going.*) Good morning, sir !

Cox (*seizing him*). Stop !

Box. Unhand me, hatter ! or I shall cast off the
lamb and assume the lion !

Cox. Pooh ! (*Snapping his fingers in Box's face.*)

Box. An insult ! You know the consequences, sir—
instant satisfaction, sir !

Cox. With all my heart, sir ! (*They begin ringing bells
violently.*)

BOTH. Bouncer ! Bouncer !

BOUNCER *runs in.*

BOUN. What is it, gentlemen !

Box. Pistols for two !

BOUN. Yes, sir. (*Going.*)

Cox. Stop ! You don't mean to say that you keep
loaded firearms in the house.

BOUN. Oh, no—they're not loaded.

Cox. Then produce the murderous weapons instantly.

[*Exit* BOUNCER.]

Box. Hark ye! Why do you object to marry Penelope Ann?

Cox. Because I can't abide her. You'll be happy with her.

Box. Happy? Don't be absurd, sir.

Cox. Then don't you be ridiculous, sir.

Enter BOUNCER.

BOUN. I can't find the pistols, but I have brought you a letter—it came by the General Post yesterday. I am sure I don't know how I came to forget it, for I put it carefully in my pocket.

Cox. And you've kept it carefully in your pocket.

[Exit BOUNCER.]

Cox (*looking at letter*). "Margate." Penelope Ann!

Box. (*reading*). "Dear Mr. Cox—Pardon my candour"—

Cox (*looking over, and reading*). "But being convinced that our feelings, like our ages, do not reciprocate"—

Box. "I hasten to apprise you of my immediate union"—

Cox. "With Mr. Knox."

Box. Hurrah!

Cox. Three cheers for Knox!

BOUN. (*pulling his head in at door*). The little second floor back room is quite ready!

Cox. I don't want it.

Box. No more do I!

Cox. What shall part us?

Box. What shall tear us asunder?

Cox. Box!

Box. Cox! (*About to embrace—Box stops.*) You'll excuse the apparent insanity of the remark, but the more I gaze on your features, the more I'm convinced that you're my long lost brother.

Cox. The very observation I was going to make to you!

Box. Ah—tell me—in mercy tell me—have you such a thing as a strawberry mark on your left arm?

Cox. No!

Box. Then it is he! (*They rush into each other's arms.*)

Enter BOUNCER.

No. 9.—FINALE.

"MY HAND UPON IT."

Box. My hand upon it, join but yours; agree the house will hold us.

Cox. And two good lodgers Bouncer gets, he'll in his arms enfold us.

ALL THREE (*together*).

Rataplan, Rataplan, plan, plan, plan, plan,

Yes—Rataplan—Penelope Ann

Has married another respectable man.

Three cheers for Knox, who lives at the docks,

And may he live happily if he can,

Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan.

H.M.S. PINAFORE

OR THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

Written by W. S. Gilbert. Composed by Arthur S. Sullivan.

SYNOPSIS

The story surrounds the love of an able seaman, Ralph Rackstraw for his captain's daughter, Josephine, whose hand is sought by the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., First Lord of the Admiralty. Amid scenes of activity, Sir Joseph, attended by his female relatives, visits the ship to discuss his proposed marriage. Meanwhile, Ralph, who has hitherto refrained from declaring his passion, now tells Josephine of his love for her. Although inwardly reciprocating his affection, she haughtily rejects his advances, and reminds him of their disparity in rank. Ralph, in despair, calls his mess-mates, and decides to end his life. He is about to shoot himself, when Josephine, staying his hand, confesses that she loves him. A plan is made by the crew to steal ashore that night for a hasty marriage, but, being overheard by Dick Deadeye, a deformed and unpopular member of the crew, he acquaints the Captain of their intentions. Captain Corcoran is so enraged that he cannot repress a swear word, and

Sir Joseph, a disciplinarian, hearing this, with pain and distress, sends him in disgrace to his cabin. Pressed as to the reason of the Captain's outburst, Ralph relates the story of his love for Josephine; and Sir Joseph is so astounded at this presumption that he orders Ralph's detention in a dungeon cell. Buttercup now appears, and explains how many years previously, she was guilty of exchanging the identification of the Captain and Ralph, whom she "nussed" as infants, Ralph being the boy who was nobly born.

This situation is straightened out in truly Gilbertian style by the Captain and Ralph exchanging ranks. Subsequently, Sir Joseph relinquishes his claim to Josephine, and hands her over to Ralph, with the strict injunction to take care of her. He (Sir Joseph) decides to marry cousin Hebe; and the deposed Captain Corcoran finds consolation in Little Buttercup.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore. Sailors, led by Boatswain, discovered cleaning brasswork, splicing rope, &c.*

CHORUS.

We sail the Ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the balls whistle free
O'er the bright blue sea,
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride
On the Portsmouth tide,
We've plenty of time for play.
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!

(*Enter Little Buttercup, with large basket on her arm.*)

RECIT.

Hail, men-o'-wars' men—safeguards of
your nation,
Here is an end, at last, of all privation;
You've got your pay—spare all you can
afford
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

ARIA.

I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little
Buttercup,
Though I could never tell why,
But still I'm called Buttercup—poor Little
Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup I!

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE RT. HON. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B.
(*First Lord of the Admiralty*)

CAPTAIN CORCORAN (*Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore*)

RALPH RACKSTRAW (*Able Seaman*)

DICK DEADEYE (*Able Seaman*)

BILL BOBSTAY (*Boatswain's Mate*)

BOB BECKET (*Carpenter's Mate*)

TOM TUCKER (*Midshipmite*)

SERGEANT OF MARINES

JOSEPHINE (*the Captain's Daughter*)

HEBE (*Sir Joseph's First Cousin*)

MRS. CRIPPS (*LITTLE BUTTERCUP*)

(*a Portsmouth Bumboat Woman*)

*First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts,
Sailors, Marines, etc.*

SCENE—QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. PINAFORE, OFF PORTSMOUTH

ACT I.—NOON. ACT II.—NIGHT.

I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent
jacky,

I've scissors, and watches, and knives;
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and
wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've
coffee,

Soft tommy and succulent chops;
I've chickens and conies, and pretty
polonies,
And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup—dear Little
Buttercup,
Sailors should never be shy;
So buy of your Buttercup—poor Little
Buttercup,

Come, of your Buttercup buy!

Boat. Aye, Little Buttercup—and well
called—for you're the rosiest, the roundest,
and the reddest beauty in all Spithead.

All. Aye! Aye!

But. Red, am I? and round—and rosy!
May be, for I have dissembled well! But
hark ye, my merry friend — hast ever
thought that beneath a gay and frivolous
exterior there may lurk a canker-worm
which is slowly but surely eating its way
into one's very heart?

Boat. No, my lass, I can't say I've ever
thought that.

(*Enter Dick Deadeye. He pushes through
sailors, and comes down.*)

Dick. I've thought it often. (*All recoil
from him.*)

But. Yes, you look like it! What's the
matter with the man? Isn't he well?

Boat. Don't take no heed of *him*, that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

Dick. I say—it's a beast of a name, ain't it. Dick Deadeye.

But. It's not a nice name.

Dick. I'm ugly too, ain't I?

But. You are certainly plain.

Dick. And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

But. You are rather triangular.

Dick. Ha! Ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

All. We do!

Dick. There!

Boat. Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow creature's feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name as Dick Deadeye to be a popular character—now can you?

Dick. No.

Boat. It's asking too much, ain't it?

Dick. It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest sentiments sound like the black utterances of a depraved imagination. It is human nature, I'm resigned!

RECIT.

But. (*Looking down hatchway from R.*)

But, tell me—who's the youth whose faltering feet

With difficulty bear him on his course?

Boat. That is the smartest lad in all the fleet—

Ralph Rackstraw!

But. Ralph! That name! Remorse! remorse!

(*Enter Ralph from hatchway.*)

MADRIGAL.—Ralph.

The Nightingale

Sighed for the moon's bright ray,
And told his tale

In his own melodious way!
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

All. He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

The lowly vale
For the mountain vainly sighed,
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied.

They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

All. They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

RECIT.

I know the value of a kindly chorus,

But choruses yield little consolation,
When we have pain and sorrow too before us!

I love—and love, alas, above my station!

But. (*Aside.*) He loves—and loves a lass above his station.

All. (*Aside.*) Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station.

BALLAD.—Ralph.

A maiden fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,
A bud of blushing beauty;
For whom proud nobles sigh,
And with each other vie
To do her menial's duty.

All. To do her menial's duty.

A suitor, lowly born,
With hopeless passion torn,
And poor beyond denying,
Has dared for her to pine,
At whose exalted shrine
A world of wealth is sighing.

All. A world of wealth is sighing!
Unlearned he in aught
Save that which love has taught,
(For love had been his tutor);
Oh, pity, pity me—
Our captain's daughter, she,
And I that lowly suitor!

All. And he that lowly suitor!

Boat. Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high; our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

All. No, no!

Dick. No, no, captain's daughters don't marry foremost hands.

All. (*Recoiling from him.*) Shame! shame!

Boat. Dick Deadeye, them sentiments o' yourn are a disgrace to our common natur.

Ralph. But it's a strange anomaly, that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarterdeck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the main truck or his slacks on the main-deck.

All. Aye! aye!

Dick. Ah, it's a queer world!

Ralph. Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder (*All shudder.*)

Boat. My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck, let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.

(*Enter Captain Corcoran.*)

RECIT.

Capt. My gallant crew, good morning.

All. (*Saluting.*) Sir, good morning!

Capt. I hope you're all quite well.

All. (*As before.*) Quite well; and you, sir?

Capt. I am in reasonable health, and happy

To meet you all once more.

All. (*As before.*) You do us proud, sir!

SONG.—Capt.

Capt. I am the Captain of the Pinafore!

All. And a right good captain, too!

Capt. You're very, very good,
And be it understood,
I command a right good crew.

All. We're very, very good,
And be it understood,
He commands a right good crew.

Capt. Though related to a peer,
I can hand, reef, and steer,
Or ship a selvagee;
I am never known to quail
At the fury of a gale,
And I'm never, never sick at sea!

All. What, never?

Capt. No, never!

All. What, *never*?

Capt. Hardly ever!

All. He's hardly ever sick at sea!
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the hardy Captain of the Pinafore!

Capt. I do my best to satisfy you all—

All. And with you we're quite content.

Capt. You're exceedingly polite,
And I think it only right
To return the compliment.

All. We're exceedingly polite,
And he thinks it only right
To return the compliment.

Capt. Bad language or abuse,
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though, "bother it," I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D—

All. What, never?

Capt. No, never!

All. What, *never*?

Capt. Hardly ever!

All. Hardly ever swears a big, big D—
Then give three cheers, and one cheer more,
For the well-bred Captain of the Pinafore!

(After song exeunt all but Captain. Enter Little Buttercup.)

But.

Sir, you are sad! The silent eloquence
Of yonder tear, that trembles on your
eyelash,
Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than
common;
Confide in me—fear not—I am a mother!

Capt.

Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sor-
ry—
My daughter, Josephine, the fairest flow-
er
That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,
Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph
Porter,
Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some
reason
She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.

But. (with emotion.)

Ah, poor Sir Joseph. Ah, I know too
well
The anguish of a heart that loves but
vainly!

But see, here comes your most attractive
daughter.

I go—Farewell; (Exit.)

Capt. (looking after her.) A plump and
pleasing person! (Exit.)

(Enter Josephine, twining some flowers
which she carries in a small basket.)

BALLAD.—Josephine.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
Sad are the sighs that own the spell,
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;
Heavy the sorrow that bows the
head
When love is alive and hope is dead!
Sad is the hour when sets the sun—
Dark is the night to earth's poor
daughters,
When to the ark the wearied one
Flies from the empty waste of waters!
Heavy the sorrow that bows the
head
When love is alive and hope is
dead! !

(Enter Captain.)

Capt. My child, I grieve to see that you
are a prey to melancholy. You should look
your best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter,
K.C.B., will be here this afternoon to claim
your promised hand.

Jos. Ah, father, your words cut me to
the quick. I can esteem—reverence—ven-
erate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good
man; but oh, I cannot love him! My heart
is already given.

Capt. (Aside.) It is then as I feared.
(Aloud.) Given? And to whom? Not to
some gilded lordling?

Jos. No father—the object of my love is
no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a
humble sailor on board your own ship!

Capt. Impossible!

Jos. Yes, it is true—too true;

Capt. A common sailor? Oh fie!

Jos. I blush for the weakness that allows
me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself
when I think of the depth to which I have
stooped in permitting myself to think ten-
derly of one so ignobly born, but I love
him! I love him! I love him! (Weeps.)

Capt. Come, my child, let us talk this
over. In a matter of the heart I would not
coerce my daughter—I attach but little
value to rank or wealth, but the line must
be drawn somewhere. A man in that station
may be brave and worthy, but at every step
he would commit solecisms that society
would never pardon.

Jos. Oh, I have thought of this night and
day. But fear not, father, I have a heart,
and therefore I love; but I am your daugh-
ter, and therefore I am proud. Though I
carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall
never, never know it.

Capt. You are my daughter after all.
But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches,
manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and ac-
companied by the admiring crowd of sisters,
cousins and aunts that attend him where-
ever he goes. Retire, my daughter, to your
cabin—take this, his photograph, with you
—it may help to bring you to a more rea-
sonable frame of mind.

Jos. My own thoughtful father!

(Exit Josephine. Captain remains and as-
cends the poop-deck.)

BARCAROLLE (invisible).

Over the bright blue sea
Comes Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.,
Wherever he may go
Bang-bang the loud nine pounders go!
Shout o'er the bright blue sea
For Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

(During this the crew have entered on
tip-toe, listening attentively to the song.)

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Sir Joseph's barge is seen,
And its crowd of blushing beauty,
We hope he'll find us clean,
And attentive to our duty.
We sail, we sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're sober, sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.

We're smart and sober men,
And quite devoid of fear,
In all the Royal N.

None are so smart as we are.

(Enter Sir Joseph's Female Relatives.
They dance round stage.)

Rel. Gaily tripping,
Lightly skipping,
Flock the maidens to the shipping.

Sailors.

Flags and guns and pennants dipping!

All the ladies love the shipping.

Rel. Sailors sprightly,
Always rightly
Welcome ladies so politely,

Sailors.

Ladies who can smile so brightly,
Sailors welcome most politely.

Capt. (from poop).

Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way.

Hurrah! hurrah!

All. Hurray! hurray! hurray!

(Enter Sir Joseph with Cousin Hebe.)

SONG.—Sir Joseph.

I am the monarch of the sea,
The ruler of the Queen's Navee.

Whose praise Great Britain loudly
chants.

Cousin Hebe.

And we are his sisters, and his cousins
and his aunts!

Rel.

And we are his sisters, and his cousins
and his aunts!

Sir Joseph.

When at anchor here I ride,
My bosom swells with pride,
And I snap my fingers at a foeman
taunts;

Cousin Hebe.

And so do his sisters, and his cousins,
and his aunts!

All.

And so do his sisters, and his cousins,
and his aunts!

Sir Joseph.

But when the breezes blow,
I generally go below,
And seek the seclusion that a cabin
grants!

Cousin Hebe.

And so do his sisters, and his cousins,
and his aunts!

All.

And so do his sisters, and his cousins,
and his aunts!

His sisters and his cousins,
Whom he reckons up by dozens,
And his aunts!

SONG.—*Sir Joseph.*

Solo.

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm,
I cleaned the windows and I swept the
floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big
front door.

CHORUS.—He polished, etc.

Solo.

I polished up that handle so carefuller
That now I am the ruler of the
Queen's Navee!

CHORUS.—He polished, etc.

Solo.

As office boy I made such amark
That they gave me the post of a junior
clerk.

I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And copied all the letters in a big round
hand—

CHORUS.—He copied, etc.

Solo.

I copied all the letters in a hand so
free,
That now I am the ruler of the
Queen's Navee!

CHORUS.—He copied, etc.

Solo.

In serving writs I made such a name
That an articled clerk I soon became;
I wore clean collars and a bran new suit
For the pass examination at the Institute.

CHORUS.—For the pass, etc.

Solo.

That pass examination did so well for
me,
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's
Navee!

CHORUS.—That pass examination, etc.

Solo.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a
grip

That they took me into the partnership
And that junior partnership I ween
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.

CHORUS.—Was the only ship, etc.

Solo.

But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the ruler of the
Queen's Navee!

CHORUS.—But that kind, etc.

Solo.

I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.

I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for my
self at all.

CHORUS.—He never thought, etc.

Solo.

I thought so little, they rewarded me,
By making me the ruler of the
Queen's Navee!

CHORUS.—He thought so little, etc.

Solo.

Now landmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office
stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden
rule—

CHORUS.—Be careful, etc.

Solo.

Stick close to your desks and never go
to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the
Queen's Navee!

CHORUS.—Stick close, etc.

Sir Joseph. You've a remarkably fine
crew. Captain Corcoran.

Capt. It is a fine crew, *Sir Joseph.*

Sir Joseph. (*Examining a very small
midshipman.*) A British sailor is a splendid
fellow, Captain Corcoran

Capt. A splendid fellow indeed, *Sir
Joseph.*

Sir Joseph. I hope you treat your crew
kindly, Captain Corcoran.

Capt. Indeed I hope so, *Sir Joseph.*

Sir Joseph. Never forget that they are
the bulwarks of England's greatness, Cap-
tain Corcoran.

Capt. So I have always considered them,
Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph. No bullying, I trust—no strong
language of any kind, eh?

Capt. Oh, never, *Sir Joseph.*

Sir Joseph. What, *never?*

Capt. Well! hardly ever, *Sir Joseph.*
They are an excellent crew, and do their
work thoroughly without it.

Sir Joseph. Don't patronize them, sir—
pray don't patronize them.

Capt. Certainly not, *Sir Joseph.*

Sir Joseph. That you are their Captain
is an accident of birth. I cannot permit these
noble fellows to be patronized because an
accident of birth has placed you above them
and them below you.

Capt. I am the last person to insult a
British sailor, *Sir Joseph.*

Sir Joseph. You are the last person who
did, Captain Corcoran. Desire that splendid
seaman to step forward.

(*Dick comes forward.*)

Sir Joseph. No, no, the other splendid
seaman.

Capt. Ralph Rackstraw, three paces to
the front—march!

Sir Joseph. (*Sternly.*) If what?

Capt. I beg your pardon—I don't think
I understand you.

Sir Joseph. If you please.

Capt. Oh, yes, of course. If you please.

(*Ralph steps forward.*)

Sir Joseph. You're a remarkably fine fel-
low.

Ralph. Yes, your honour.

Sir Joseph. And a first-rate seaman, I'll
be bound.

Ralph. There's not a smarter topman in
the navy, your honour, though I say it who
shouldn't.

Sir Joseph. Not at all. Proper self-respect,
nothing more. Can you dance a hornpipe?

Ralph. No, your honour.

Sir Joseph. That's a pity; all sailors
shoul dance hornpipes. I will teach you one
this evening, after dinner. Now tell me—
don't be afraid—how does your Captain
treat you, eh?

Ralph. A better Captain don't walk the
deck, your honour.

All. Aye! Aye!

Sir Joseph. Good. I like to hear you speak
well of your commanding officer; I dare
say he don't deserve it, but still it does you
credit. Can you sing?

Ralph. I can hum a little, your honour.

Sir Joseph. Then hum this at your leisure.

(*Giving him MS. music.*) It is a song that
I have composed for the use of the Royal
Navy. It is designed to encourage indepen-
dence of thought and action in the lower
branches of the service, and to teach the
principle that a British sailor is any man's
equal, excepting mine. Now, Captain Cor-
coran, a word with you in your cabin on
a tender and sentimental subject.

Capt. Aye, aye, *Sir Joseph.* (*Crossing.*)
Boatswain, in commemoration of this joy-
ous occasion, see that extra grog is served
out to the ship's company at seven bells.

Boat. Beg pardon. If what, your honour?

Capt. If what? I don't think I under-
stand you.

Boat. If you please, your honour.

Capt. What!

Sir Joseph. The gentleman is quite right.
If you please.

Capt. (*Stamping his foot impatiently*)
If you please! [*Exit.*]

Sir Joseph.

For I hold that on the seas
The expression, "if you please,"

A particularly gentlemanly tone im-
plants.

Cousin Hebe.

And so do his sisters, and his cousins,
and his aunts!

All.

And so do his sisters, and his cousins,
and his aunts!

(*Exeunt Sir Joseph and Relatives.*)

Boat. Ah! Sir Joseph's a true gentleman;
courteous and considerate to the very hum-
blest.

Ralph. True, Boatswain, but we are not
the very humblest. Sir Joseph has explained
our true position to us. As he says, a Brit-
ish seaman is any man's equal excepting
his, and if Sir Joseph says that, is it not
our duty to believe him?

All. Well spoke! well spoke!

Dick. You're on a wrong tack, and so is
he. He means well, but he don't know.
When people have to obey other people's
orders, equality's out of the question.

All. (*Recoiling.*) Horrible! horrible!

Boat. Dick Deadeye, if you go for to in-
furiate this here ship's company too far, I
won't answer for being able to hold 'em in.
I'm shocked! that's what I am—shocked!

Ralph. Messmates, my mind's made up.
I'll speak to the captain's daughter, and tell
her, like an honest man, of the honest love
I have for her.

All. Aye, aye!

Ralph. Is not my love as good as an-
other's? Is not my heart as true as an-
other's? Have I not hands and eyes and
ears and limbs like another?

All. Aye, aye!

Ralph. True, I lack birth—

Boat. You've a berth on board this very
ship.

Ralph. Well said—I had forgotten that.
Messmates—what do you say? do you ap-
prove my determination?

All. We do.

Dick. I don't.

Boat. What is to be done with this here
hopeless chap? Let us sing him the song
that Sir Joseph has kindly composed for us.
Perhaps it will bring this here miserable
creetur to a proper state of mind.

GLEE.—*Ralph, Boatswain, Carpenter's
Mate, and Chorus.*

A British tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word.

His nose should pant and his lip should
curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow
should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart
should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-
down blow.

CHORUS.—His nose should pant, etc.

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be rung;
He never should bow down to a domi-
neering frown,
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

His foot should stamp and his throat
should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should
scowl;
His eyes should flash and his breast pro-
trude,
And this should be his customary atti-
tude!—

(*Pose.*)

CHORUS.—His foot should stamp, etc.

(*All dance off excepting Ralph, who re-
mains leaning pensively against bulwark.*)

(*Enter Josephine from Cabin.*)

Jos. It is useless—Sir Joseph's attention-
nauseate me. I know that he is a truly great
and good man, for he told me so himself,
but to me he seems tedious, fretful and dic-
tatorial. Yet his must be a mind of no com-
mon order, or he would not dare to teach
my dear father to dance a hornpipe on the
cabin table. (*Sees Ralph*) Ralph Rack-
straw! (*Overcome by emotion.*)

Ralph. Aye, lady—no other than poor
Rackstraw!

Jos. (*Aside.*) How my heart beats!
(*Aloud.*) And why poor, Ralph?

Ralph. I am poor in the essence of hap-
piness, lady—rich only in never-ending un-
rest. In me there meet a combination of
antithetical elements which are at eternal
war with one another. Driven hither by ob-
jective influences—tither by subjective emo-
tions—wafted one moment into blazing day,
by mocking hope—plunged the next into
the Cimmerian darkness of tangible despair,
I am but a living ganglion of irreconcilable
antagonisms. I hope I make myself clear,
lady?

Jos. Perfectly. (*Aside.*) His simple elo-
quence goes to my heart. Oh, if I dared—
but no, the thought is madness! (*Aloud.*)
Dismiss these foolish fancies, they torture
you but needlessly. Come, make one effort.
Ralph. (*Aside.*) I will—one. (*Aloud.*)
Josephine!

Jos. (*Indignantly.*) Sir!

Ralph. Aye, even though Jove's armoury
were launched at the head of the audacious
mortal whose lips, unhallowed by relation-
ship, dared to breathe that precious word.
yet would I breathe it once, and then per-
chance be silent evermore. Josephine, in one
brief breath I will concentrate the hopes,
the doubts, the anxious fears of six weary
months. Josephine, I am a British sailor,
and I love you!

Jos. Sir, this audacity! (*Aside.*) Oh, my
heart, my beating heart. (*Aloud.*) This un-
warrantable presumption on the part of a
common sailor! (*Aside.*) Common! oh, the
irony of the word! (*Crossing, aloud.*) Oh,
sir, you forget the disparity in our ranks.

Ralph. I forget nothing, haughty lady. I
love you desperately, my life is in your
hand—I lay it at your feet! Give me hope,
and what I lack in education and polite ac-
complishments, that I will endeavour to
acquire. Drive me to despair, and in death
alone I shall look for consolation. I am
proud and cannot stoop to implore. I have
spoken and I wait your word.

Jos. You shall not wait long. Your prof-
fered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir, and
learn to cast your eyes on some village
maiden in your own poor rank — they
should be lowered before your captain's
daughter.

DUET.—*Josephine and Ralph.*

Jos. Refrain, audacious tar,
Your suit from pressing,
Remember what you are,
And whom addressing!

(*Aside.*)

I'd laugh my rank to scorn
In union holy,
Were he more highly born
Or I more lowly!

Ralph. Proud lady, have your way,
Unfeeling beauty!
You speak and I obey,
It is my duty!

I am the lowliest tar
That sails the water,
And you, proud maiden, are
My captain's daughter!

(Aside.)

My heart with anguish torn
Bows down before her,
She laughs my love to scorn,
Yet I adore her!

(Repeat Refrain, Ensemble, then Exit Josephine into cabin.)

Ralph. (Recit.)

Can I survive this overbearing
Or live a life of mad despairing,
My proffered love despised, re-
jected?

No, no, it's not to be expected!

(Calling off.)

Messmates, ahoy!

Come here! Come here!

(Enter Sailors, Hebe, Relatives and But-
tercup.)

All. Aye, aye, my boy,
What cheer, what cheer?
Now tell us, pray,
Without delay
What does she say—
What cheer, what cheer?

Ralph (to Cousin Hebe.)

The maiden treats my suit with scorn,
Rejects my humble gift, my lady;
She says I am ignobly born,
And cuts my hopes adrift, my lady.

All. Oh, cruel one.

Dick

She spurns your suit? Oho! Oho!
I told you so, I told you so.

Sailors and Relatives.

Shall { we } submit? Are { we } but slaves;
 { they } submit? Are { they } but slaves;
Love comes alike to high and low—
Britannia's sailors rule the waves,
And shall they stoop to insult? No!

Dick.

You must submit, you are but slaves;
A lady she! Oho! Oho!

You lowly toilers of the waves,
She spurns you all—I told you so!

Ralph.

My friends, my leave of life I'm taking,
For oh, my heart, my heart is breaking.

When I am gone, oh, prithee tell
The maid that, as I died, I loved her
well!

All. (Turning away, weeping.)

Of life, alas! his leave he's taking,
For ah! his faithful heart is breaking,
When he is gone we'll surely tell
The maid that, as he died, he loved her
well!

(During Chorus Boatswain has loaded
pistol, which he hands to Ralph.)

Ralph.

Be warned, my messmates all
Who love in rank above you—
For Josephine I fall!

(Puts pistol to his head. All the sailors
stop their ears.)

(Enter Josephine on deck.)

Jos. Ah! stay your hand! I love you!

All. Ah! stay your hand — she loves
you!

Ralph. (Incredulously.) Loves me?

Jos. Loves you!

All. Yes, yes—ah, yes—she loves you!

Josephine. Hebe and Ralph.

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
For now the sky is all serene,
The god of day—the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all a-blaze.

With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,
And if { I find } the maiden coy,
 { we find }
{ I'll } murmur forth decorous joy
{ We'll }

In dreamy roundelays!

Dick Deadeye.

He thinks he's won his Josephine,
But though the sky is now serene,
A frowning thunderbolt above
Which now is all a-blaze.

May end their ill-assorted love
Our captain, ere the day is gone,
Will be extremely down upon
The wicked men who art employ
To make his Josephine less coy
In many various ways. (Exit Dick.)

ENSEMBLE

Jos. This very night,

Hebe. With bated breath

Ralph. And muffled oar—

Jos. Without a light,

Hebe. As still as death,

Ralph. We'll steal ashore,

Jos. A clergyman

Ralph. Shall make us one

Boat. At half past ten,

Jos. And then we can

Ralph. Return, for none

Boat. Can part them then!

All. This very night, etc.

(Dick appears at Hatchway.)

Dick.

Forbear, nor carry out the scheme you've
planned,
She is a lady—you a foremost hand!
Remember, she's your gallant captain's
daughter,
And you the meanest slave that crawls
the water!

All. Back, vermin, back,
Nor mock us!

Back, vermin, back,
You shock us! (Exit Dick.)

Let's give three cheers for the sailor's
bride
Who casts all thought of rank aside—
And gives up home and fortune, too,
For the honest love of a sailor true!

Tra la la la la la

Rel. For a British tar is a soaring soul
As free as a mountain bird!

His energetic fist should be ready to
resist
A dictatorial word!

His eyes should flash with an inborn fire,
His brow with scorn be wrung;
He never should bow down to a dom-
ineering frown,
Or the tang of a tyrant tongue.

Sails.

His nose should pant and his lip should
curl,
His cheeks should flame and his brow
should furl,
His bosom should heave and his heart
should glow,
And his fist be ever ready for a knock-
down blow.

ENSEMBLE.

His foot should stamp and his throat
should growl,
His hair should twirl and his face should
scowl,
His eyes should flash and his breast pro-
trude,
And this should be his customary atti-
tude. (Pose.)

GENERAL DANCE.

END OF ACT I.

Sir Joseph. It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here. Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

(*Enter Josephine from Cabin. Sir Joseph and Captain retire.*)

SCENA.—*Josephine.*

The hours creep on apace,
My guilty heart is quaking!
Oh, that I might retrace
The step that I am taking.

Its folly it were easy to be showing,
What I am giving up and whither
going.

On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,
Hung with ancestral armour and old
brasses,
Carved oak and tapestry from distant
Rome,
Rare "blue and white", Venetian fin-
ger glasses,
Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,
And everything that isn't old, from
Gillow's.

And on the other, a dark and dingy
room,
In some back street with stuffy chil-
dren crying,
Where organs yell, and clacking house-
wives fume,
And clothes are hanging out all day
a-drying.

With one cracked looking-glass to see
your face in,
And dinner served up in a pudding
basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,
Unlettered and unknown,
Who toils for bread from early morn
Till half the night has flown!

No golden rank can he impart—
No wealth of house or land—
No fortune save his trusty heart,
And honest brown right hand!

And yet he is so wondrous fair,
That love for one so passing rare,
So peerless in his manly beauty,
Were little else than solemn duty!

Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Which of you twain shall my poor heart
obey!

(*Sir Joseph and Captain enter.*)

Sir Joseph. Madam, it has been represen-
ted to me that you are appalled by my ex-
alted rank. I desire to convey to you offi-
cially my assurance, that if your hesitation
is attributable to that circumstance, it is
uncalled for.

Jos. Oh, then your lordship is of the
opinion that married happiness is not in-
consistent with discrepancy in rank?

Sir Joseph. I am officially of that opinion.
Jos. That the high and the lowly may be
truly happy together, provided that they
truly love one another?

Sir Joseph. Madam, I desire to convey to
you officially my opinion that love is a plat-
form upon which all ranks meet.

Jos. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I did hesi-
tate, but I will hesitate no longer. (*Aside.*)
He little thinks how eloquently he has
pleaded his rival's cause!

TRIO.—*Sir Joseph, Captain, and Josephine.*

Capt.

Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though his lordship's station's mighty,
Though stupendous be his brain,
Though her tastes are mean and flighty
And her fortune poor and plain,

Capt. and Sir Joseph.

Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of { his } lordship
 { my }
With a humble captain's child!

Capt. For a humble captain's daughter—

Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter—

Sir Joseph. And a lord who rules the
water—

Jos. (Aside.)

And a tar who ploughs the water!

All.

Let the air with joy be laden,
Rend with songs the air above,
For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love!

Sir Joseph.

Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore,
Though your nautical relation (*alluding
to Capt.*)

In my set could scarcely pass—
Though you occupy a station
In the lower middle class—

Capt. and Sir Joseph.

Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of { my } lordship
 { his }
With a humble captain's child!

Capt. For a humble captain's daughter—

Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter—

Sir Joseph. And a lord who rules the
water—

Jos. (Aside.) And a tar who ploughs the
water!

All.

Let the air with joy be laden,
Rend with songs the air above,
For the union of a maiden
With the man who owns her love!

Jos.

Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks, and therefore
I admit the jurisdiction:

Able have you played your part,
You have carried firm conviction
To my hesitating heart.

Capt. and Sir Joseph.

Ring the merry bells on board-ship,
Rend the air with warbling wild,
For the union of { my } lordship
 { his }
With a humble captain's child!

Capt. For a humble captain's daughter—

Jos. For a gallant captain's daughter—

Sir Joseph. And a lord who rules the
water—

Jos. (Aside.) And a tar who ploughs the
water! (*Aloud.*) Let the air with joy be
laden.

Capt. and Sir Joseph. Ring the merry bells
on board-ship—

Jos. For the union of a maiden—

Capt. and Sir Joseph. For her union with
his lordship.

All.

Rend with songs the air above
For the man who owns her love!

(*Exit Jos.*)

Capt. Sir Joseph, I cannot express to you
my delight at the happy result of your elo-
quence. Your argument was unanswerable.

Sir Joseph. Captain Corcoran, it is one
of the happiest characteristics of this glori-
ous country that official utterances are in-
variably regarded as unanswerable. (*Exit*

Sir Joseph.)

Capt. At last my fond hopes are to be
crowned. My only daughter is to be the
bride of a Cabinet Minister. The prospect
is Elysian. (*During this speech Dick Dead-
eye has entered.*)

Dick. Captain.

Capt. Deadeye! You here? Dont! (*Re-
coiling from him.*)

Dick. Ah, don't shrink from me, Cap-
tain. I'm unpleasant to look at, and my
name's agin me, but I ain't as bad as I
seem.

Capt. What would you with me?

Dick. (Mysteriously.) I'm come to give you warning.

Capt. Indeed! do you propose to leave the Navy then?

Dick. No, no, you misunderstand me; listen!

DUET.—Captain and Dick Deadeye.

Dick.
Kind Captain, I've important information,

Sing hey, the kind commander that you are,

About a certain intimate relation,

Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

Both. The merry maiden and the tar.

Capt.
Good fellow, in conundrums you are speaking,

Sing hey the mystic sailor that you are,
The answer to them vainly I am seeking;

Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

Both. The merry maiden and the tar.

Dick.
Kind Captain, your young lady is a sighing,

Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,

This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;

Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar.

Both. The merry maiden and the tar.

Capt.
Good fellow, you have given timely warning,
Sing hey, the thoughtful sailor that you are,
I'll talk to Master Rackstraw in the morning:

Sing hey, the cat-o-nine-tails and the tar!
(Producing a "cat.")

Both. The merry cat-o-nine tails and the tar!

Capt. Dick Deadeye—I thank you for your warning—I will at once take means to arrest their flight. This boat cloak will afford me ample disguise—So! (Envelopes himself in a mysterious cloak, holding it before his face.)

Dick. Ha, ha! They are foiled—foiled—foiled!

(Enter Crew on tiptoe, with Ralph and Boatswain meeting Josephine, who enters from Cabinet on tiptoe, with bundle of necessities, and accompanied by Little Buttercup.)

ENSEMBLE.

Carefully on tiptoe stealing,
Breathing gently as we may,
Every step with caution feeling,
We will softly steal away.

(Captains stamps.)—Chord.

All. (Much alarmed.)

Goodness me—
Why, what was that?

Dick.

Silent be,
It was the cat!

All. (Reassured.)

It was—it was the cat!

Capt. (Producing cat-o-nine tails.) They're right, it was the cat!

Pull ashore in fashion steady,
Hymen will defray the fare,
For a clergyman is ready
To unite the happy pair!

(Stamps as before, and Chord.)

All. Goodness me,
Why, what was that?

Dick.

Silent be,
Again the cat!

All. It was again the cat!

Capt. (Aside.)

They're right, it was the cat!

Capt. (Throwing off cloak.) Hold! (All start.)

Pretty daughter of mine,

I insist upon knowing

Where you may be going

With these sons of the brine,

For my excellent crew,

Though foes they could thump any,

Are scarcely fit company,

My daughter, for you.

Crew. Now, hark at that, do!

Though foes we could thump any,

We're scarcely fit company

For a lady like you!

Ralph.

Proud officer, that haughty lip uncurl!

Vain man, suppress that supercilious sneer,

For I have dared to love your matchless girl,

A fact well known to all my mess-mates here!

Capt. Oh, horror!

Ralph and Jos.

{ I, } humble, poor, and lowly born,
{ He, }

The meanest in the port division—

The butt of epauletted scorn—

The mark of quarter-deck derision—

Have } dared to raise { my } wormy eyes,
Has } his }

Above the dust to which you'd

mould { me
 } him

In manhood's glorious pride to rise,

I am } an Englishman—behold { me!
He is } him!

All. He is an Englishman!

Boat. He is an Englishman!

For he himself has said it,

And it's greatly to his credit,

That he is an Englishman!

All. That he is an Englishman!

Boat. For he might have been a Roosian,

A French, or Turk or Proosian,

Or perhaps Itali-an!

All. Or perhaps Itali-an!

Boat. But in spite of all temptations

To belong to other naitons,

He remains an Englishman!

All. For in spite of all temptations,
etc.

(Capt. trying to repress his anger.)

In uttering a reprobation
To any British Tar,
I try to speak with moderation,
But you have gone too far.

I'm very sorry to disparage
A humble foremast lad,
But to seek your captain's child
in marriage
Why, damme, it's too bad!

(During this Cousin Hebe and Female
Relatives have entered.)

All. (Shocked.) Oh!

Capt. Yes, damme, it's too bad!

All. Oh!

Capt. and Dick Deadeye. Yes, damme, it's
too bad.

(During this Sir Joseph has appeared on
poop-deck. He is horrified at the bad lan-
guage.)

Hebe.

Did you hear him—did you hear him?
Oh, the monster overbearing!
Don't go near him—don't go near him—
He is swearing—he is swearing—

Sir Joseph.

My pain and my distress,
I find it is not easy to express;
My amazement—my surprise—
You may learn from the expression of
my eyes!

Capt.

My lord—one word—the facts are not
before you,
The word was injudicious, I allow—
But hear my explanation, I implore you,
And you will be indignant, too, I vow!

Sir Joseph.

I will hear of no defence,
Attempt none if you're sensible.
That word of evil sense
Is wholly indefensible.

Go ribald, get you hence
To your cabin with celerity.

This is the consequence
Of ill-advised asperity!
(Exit Captain, disgraced, followed by
Josephine.)

All.

This is the consequence,
Of ill-advised asperity!

Sir Joseph.

For I'll teach you all, ere long.

To refrain from language strong.

For I haven't any sympathy for ill-bred
taunts!

Hebe. No more have his sisters, nor his
cousins, nor his aunts.

All. For he is an Englishman, etc. (Re-
enter Josephine.)

Sir Joseph. Now, tell me, my fine fellow
—for you are a fine fellow—

Ralph. Yes, your honour.

Sir Joseph. How came your captain so far
to forget himself? I am quite sure you had
given him no cause for annoyance.

Ralph. Please, your honour, it was thus
wise. You see I'm only a top-man—a mere
foremast hand—

Sir Joseph. Don't be ashamed of that.
Your position as a top-man is a very ex-
alted one.

Ralph. Well, your honour, love burns as
brightly in the fo'c's'le as it does on the
quarter-deck, and Josephine is the fairest
bud that ever blossomed upon the tree of
a poor fellow's wildest hopes.

(Josephine rushes to Ralph's arms.)

Jos. Darling! (Sir Joseph horrified.)

Ralph. She is the figurehead of my ship
of life—the bright beacon that guides me
into my port of happiness—the rarest, the
purest gem that ever sparkled on a poor
but worthy fellow's trusting brow!

All. Very pretty, very pretty!

Sir Joseph. Insolent sailor, you shall re-
pent this outrage. Seize him! (Two Marines
seize him and handcuff him.)

Jos. Oh, Sir Joseph, spare him, for I love
him tenderly.

Sir Joseph. Pray don't. I will teach this
presumptuous mariner to discipline his af-
fections. Have you such a thing as a dun-
geon on board?

All. We have!

Dick. They have!

Sir Joseph. Then load him with chains
and take him there at once!

OCTETTE.

Ralph.

Farewell, my own,
Light of my life, farewell!

For crime unknown
I go to a dungeon cell.

Jos.

I will atone,
In the meantime farewell!

And all alone
Rejoice in your dungeon cell!

Sir Joseph.

A bone, a bone
I'll pick with this sailor fell;

Let him be shown
At once to his dungeon cell.

Boatswain, Dick Deadeye and Cousin Hebe.

He'll hear no tone
Of the maiden he loves so well!

No telephone
Communicates with his cell!

But. (mysteriously.)

But when is known
The secret I have to tell,
Wide will be thrown
The door of his dungeon cell.

All.

For crime unknown
He goes to a dungeon cell!

(*Ralph is led off in custody.*)

Sir Joseph.

My pain and my distress
Again it is not easy to express,
My amazement, my surprise
Again you may discover from my eyes!

All.

How terrible the aspect of his eyes!

But.

Hold! Ere upon your loss
You lay much stress,
A long-concealed crime
I would confess.

SONG.—*Buttercup.*

A many years ago,
When I was young and charming,
As some of you many know,
I practised baby-farming.

All.

Now this is most alarming!

When she was young and charming,
She practised baby-farming,
A many years ago.

But.

Two tender babes I nussed,
One was of low condition,
The other, upper crust,
A regular patrician.

All. (*Explaining to each other.*)

Now, this is the position.

One was of low condition,
The other a patrician,
A many years ago.

But.

Oh, bitter is my cup!

However 'could I do it?

I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it!

All.

However could you do it,
Some day, no doubt, you'll rue it,
Although no creature knew it,
So many years ago.

But.

In time each little waif
Forsook his foster mother,
The well-born babe was Ralph—
Your captain was the other!!!

All.

They left their foster mother,
The one was Ralph, our brother,
Our captain was the other,
A many years ago.

Sir Joseph. Then I am to understand
that Captain Corcoran and Ralph were
exchanged in childhood's happy hours—
that Ralph is really the Captain, and the
Captain is Ralph?

But. That is the idea I intended to convey,
officially!

Sir Joseph. And very well you have conveyed it,
Miss Buttercup!

But. Aye! Aye! yer 'onour.

Sir Joseph. Dear me! Let them appear
before me at once!

(*Ralph enters as Captain; Captain as a common sailor. Josephine rushes to his arms.*)

Jos. My father—a common sailor!

Capt. It is hard, is it not, my dear?

Sir Joseph. This is a very singular occurrence;
I congratulate you both. (*To Ralph.*) Desire that remarkably fine
seaman to step forward.

Ralph. Concoran. Three paces to the front—march!

Capt. If what?

Ralph. I don't understand.

Capt. If you please!

Ralph. What!

Sir Joseph. Perfectly right. If you please.

Ralph. Oh If you please. (*Captain steps forward.*)

Sir Joseph. (*To Captain.*) You are an extremely fine fellow.

Capt. Yes, your honour.

Sir Joseph. So it seems that you were Ralph and Ralph was you.

Capt. So it seems, your honour.

Sir Joseph. Well, I need not tell you that after this change in your condition, a marriage with your daughter will be out of the question.

Capt. Don't say that, your honour—love levels all ranks.

Sir Joseph. It does to a considerable extent, but it does not level them as much as that.

Sir Joseph. (*Handing Josephine to Ralph.*) Here—take her, sir, and mind you treat her kindly.

Ralph and Jos. Oh bliss, oh rapture!

Capt. and But. Oh rapture, oh bliss!

Sir Joseph. Sad my lot and sorry, what shall I do? I cannot live alone!

Hebe. Fear nothing—while I live I'll not desert you. I'll sooth and comfort your declining days.

Sir Joseph. No, don't do that.

Hebe. Yes, but indeed I'd rather—

Sir Joseph. (*Resigned.*) Oh! very well, then!

To-morrow morn our vows shall all be plighted,

Three loving pairs on the same day united!

QUARTETTE.—*Josephine, Hebe, Ralph and Deadeye.*

Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
The clouded sky is now serene,
The god of day—the orb of love,
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all ablaze.

With wooing words and loving song,
We'll chase the lagging hours along,
And if {he finds} the maiden coy,
 { I find }
We'll murmur forth decorous joy
In dreamy roundelays.

Capt.

For he's the Captain of the "Pinafore."

All. And a right good captain, too!

Capt.

And though before my fall
I was captain of you all,
I'm a member of the crew.

All.

And though before his fall, etc.

Capt.

I shall marry with a wife,
In my humble rank of life! (*turning to*
But.)

And you, my own, are she—
I must wander to and fro,
But wherever I may go,
I shall never be untrue to thee!

All. What never?

Capt. No never!

All. What *never*?

Capt. Hardly ever!

All. Hardly ever be untrue to thee.

Then give three cheers, and one cheer
more,
For the former Captain of the "Pine-
fore."

But.

For he loves little Buttercup, dear little
Buttercup,

Though I could never tell why;
But still he loves Buttercup, poor little
Buttercup,
Sweet little Buttercup, aye!

All. For he loves, etc.

Sir Joseph.

I'm the monarch of the sea,
And when I've married thee (*to*
Hebe).

I'll be true to the devotion that my love
implants,

Hebe.

Then good-bye to your sisters, and your
cousins, and your aunts,
Especially your cousins,
Whom you reckon up by dozens.

All. Then good-bye, etc.

For he is an Englishman,
And he himself hath said it,
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman!

CURTAIN.

THE PIRATES
OF PENZANCE



H. M. S.
PINAFORE



THE GONDOLIERS



THE GONDOLIERS



THE GONDOLIERS



PATIENCE



MARTYN GREEN



ELLA HALMAN



MARGARET MITCHELL



CHARLES DORNING

MARTYN GREEN comes of a musical family. His father was William Green, world-famous tenor. It was his father who taught him to sing at a very early age. Later he studied at the Royal College of Music in London. He toured in "The Maid of the Mountains," "The Southern Maid," and "Sybil" with Jose Collins. He also played the part of Peter in "Hansel and Gretel." He joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1922, as a chorister and understudy, and two weeks later played the part of Luiz in "The Gondoliers." For some years he played small parts and understudied the "comedian" roles, which he eventually played to delighted American audiences during the 1934 season. Since that time he has continued to play, sing and dance in these exacting roles with a hilarity, melody and artistry that is characteristic of the man and the parts entrusted to him.

ELLA HALMAN is a native of Sussex. She first took up singing seriously at the age of 18, when she won the Sussex County Scholarship and studied for several years at the Brighton School of Music. She commenced her Operatic career with the Carl Rosa Opera Company and toured with them for three years, after which she resumed her studies, this time in London and took her L.R.A.M. there. After some experience in concert work and teaching, Miss Halman's ambitions led her back to the stage and she joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1937, singing in the chorus for three years. Then came the opportunity of playing the role of "The Duchess of Plaza-Toro" at very short notice, and it was immediately obvious that she was ideally suited to the contralto roles which she took over at the end of 1939 and has played with marked success ever since.

MARGARET MITCHELL, one of the young principal sopranos in the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, is of Scottish birth, having been born in Dollar, a few miles outside Glasgow in 1927. She was educated at Dollar Academy and took up singing at an early age; whilst training during the War she entertained at Hospitals and Camps. Her first audition with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company was at the age of 15½ years, but she was told that she was too young. Later she was sent for to attend another audition and joined the Company; within a few weeks she played the part of "Yum-Yum" in "The Mikado." Margaret Mitchell is the possessor of a sweet soprano voice and has a distinct stage personality.

CHARLES DORNING, one of the youthful members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company who has recently been engaged to play light baritone roles in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, will be making his first stage appearance in America during the Company's season at the Century Theatre. Charles Dorning is a South African, having been born in Salisbury, Rhodesia, and was educated there. At the age of 17 he came to London to seek a stage career, beginning in the Richmond (Surrey) Repertory Company and very soon was playing leading juvenile parts. Later he played important parts in Shakespeare plays with the Elizabethan Stage Society under William Poel, and, during this time, he studied singing making rapid progress, very soon becoming a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company during their season at the Lyceum Theatre in London. After this he was engaged to play a leading part in "A Waltz Dream" and "No No Nanette." Then came his first big London success as "Jolidon" in "The Merry Widow" at His Majesty's Theatre. At short

notice he took over the leading part in "Sweet Yesterday" the musical play at the Adelphi Theatre, then toured in "The Lisbon Story" and returned again to the Adelphi Theatre in "Can Can."

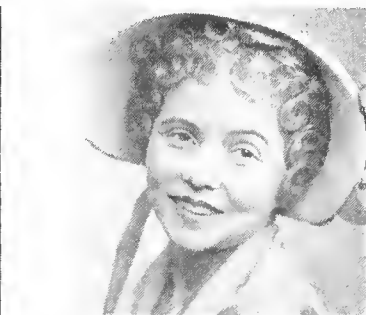
RICHARD WATSON, the bass baritone who has rejoined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company after a few years in Australia playing Gilbert and Sullivan roles with marked success. Richard Watson was a student at University Conservatorium, Adelaide, and later became Assistant Master at King's College, Adelaide. He gained the Elder Overseas Scholarship at the Royal College of Music, London, 1927-1930 and became principal bass with the Covent Garden English Opera Company and sang leading roles during the International seasons 1930-1932. Following this he joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company playing various roles until he went to Australia in 1935, returning to Covent Garden in 1937 and then back to Australia in 1940. The present visit will be Richard Watson's first visit to America with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company.

DENISE FINDLAY. There is a delightful suburb to the West of Paris named Marly-le Roi and it was in that little town of Seine-et-Oise some four and twenty years ago that Denise Findlay was born, an issue of one of the many romances of the war of 1914-18. The Scottish soldier met the French girl and both fell in love. They married when the former soldier returned to France after the war to seek his sweetheart and to make his home in that fair country. Denise sang from the earliest age with much purity and sweetness. When she was four her range of operatic arias was startling. An earnest, merry, singing little girl, she was eight when the family left France, going to Glasgow in Scotland and shortly afterwards to Manchester where for some years they resided before returning to Glasgow. Little Denise's talent for singing did not develop for a time for she had become shy with strangers. Her parents had almost despaired of her using her voice publicly until the time came when she was persuaded to sing at a Church Concert. Appreciation of her voice was immediate. Immediate also was the decision to have that voice trained. From that time nearly eight years ago Denise decided that she would be an operatic singer. When she felt her technique was good enough to justify her taking the step, she secured an introduction to Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte who granted her an audition in the early spring of that year. The remainder of Denise's story is quickly told. Having joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company as a chorister she is now playing soubrette parts in the Company.

DARRELL FANCOURT, one of the great names known to Gilbert and Sullivan lovers since 1920, when he joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. Darrell Fancourt plays the bass baritone parts in the Operas, and in his early days studied singing in Germany for eight years under such notable instructors as Lilli Lehmann, Alberto Randegger, Armando Leconte and Dr. Lierhammer. He sang at Symphonic Concerts in Paris, Berlin, Geneva and Lausanne, and later he sang regularly at Promenade Concerts under Sir Henry Wood and at the Chappell Ballad Concerts. In 1919 he sang the part of "Prince Galitzky" in "Prince Igor" in the Grand Opera Season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. He has been prominently identified with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company ever since he first joined.



RICHARD WATSON



DENISE FINDLAY



DARRELL FANCOURT



THOMAS ROUND



HELEN ROBERTS



JOAN GILLINGHAM



LEONARD OSBORN

THOMAS ROUND, who is now sharing the tenor roles with Leonard Osborn in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, is a native of Lancashire, having been born in 1915 at Barrow-in-Furness. He joined the Company at the commencement of the present tour and is now playing "Nanki-Poo" in "The Mikado," "Luiz" in "The Gondoliers," "Frederic" in "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Tolloller" in "Iolanthe."

HELEN ROBERTS, who hails from London, studied music under Spencer Clay, after which she went to Italy to perfect her studies and became associated with the Milan Opera Company, singing the part of "Novina" in Donizetti's Opera "Don Pasquale." Returning to England, she appeared as the "Doll" and Antonia in "The Tales of Hoffman." In 1932 she won the Gold Medal for the best rendering of one of Sir Arthur Sullivan's arias, which aroused an interest in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, and, after a season with the Glyndebourne Opera Company, she was engaged by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company as one of the principal sopranos. Helen Roberts scored a distinct personal success in the Operas on her previous visit to the States with the Company.

JOAN GILLINGHAM, who is another of the youthful members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, is a Londoner by birth and, with her twin sister, was educated at the Tiffin Girls' School at Kingston, Surrey, until she was eighteen. On leaving school she obtained a secretarial post in London. Being keen on music she took up voice training under Madam Retta Ariani. In 1942 Joan Gillingham volunteered for the W.A.A.F. and became a Radar Operator. Later, a special W.A.A.F. show was formed at the Air Ministry, and, with her twin sister, she was chosen with eight others out of an audition given to 500. The show toured England and the Continent twice, performing at R.A.F. Camps and Garrison Theatres in Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Lyons, Brussels, Lubeck, Keil and Hamburg, etc. On being demobilized Joan Gillingham returned to her secretarial post for a few months, but she found the urge for the Theatre was uppermost, and having been keenly interested in the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's productions of Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, she applied for an audition which she gave at the Savoy Theatre and joined the Company on tour the following month. A few weeks later she played her first part, that of "Leila" in "Iolanthe," and was then given the opportunity of playing several small parts, in which she has proved herself very successful.

LEONARD OSBORN, who first joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1937 as understudy and playing small parts, is another of the Company who served in the R.A.F., his duties mainly being

training and instructing. After serving for six years he was demobbed with the rank of Flight-Lieutenant. During three years in Iceland he gave a number of concerts and later, when stationed in Canterbury, sang in the Cathedral Choir at weekends and gave recitals at the Cathedral. Leonard Osborn is a native of Surrey and first studied for school teaching, but later went into industry as an analytical chemist. On his release from the R.A.F. in 1946 he returned to the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, sharing the tenor roles with Thomas Round, playing "Marco" in "The Gondoliers," "Fairfax" in "The Yeomen of the Guard" and the "Duke" in "Patience."

RICHARD WALKER joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1924 as a chorister and understudy. He very soon proved himself a true Gilbert and Sullivan artist and has for some years now been entrusted with baritone leads. Richard Walker studied singing at the Midland Conservatoire and became an Associate and Licentiate of the London College of Music. Like Darrell Fancourt, Helen Roberts and others of the present Company, he scored a distinct success on his previous visits to the States.

GWYNETH CULLIMORE, one of the youthful members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, being in the early twenties, was born in a small Welsh village and lived a village life until moving to Newport about six years ago. A well-known Welsh professor of music recognized her ability and with him she studied voice production. Her ambition was to join an Opera Company, preferably the D'Oyly Carte. During the War Miss Cullimore worked as a shorthand typist in the Civil Service and in her spare time she was entertaining troupes and wounded soldiers, in addition to singing at concerts for charities. She was eventually granted an audition by the D'Oyly Carte Company, and when she obtained her release from the Ministry of Supply joined the Company as a chorister. She very soon became an understudy and was shortly afterwards entrusted with the part of "The Plaintiff" in "Trial by Jury."

ISIDORE GODFREY, the musical director of the Company, is a Londoner. He received his musical training at the Guildhall School of Music, London, under the late Sir Landon Ronald, the famous composer and conductor. He holds the diploma of Associateship, with gold medal, for the highest marks of his year. Mr. Godfrey is also a very gifted pianist and before joining the Company gave many recitals in this capacity. He joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1925 and has toured with them all over England, Scotland and Ireland. This is Mr. Godfrey's fourth visit to America with the Company.



RICHARD WALKER



GWYNETH CULLIMORE



ISIDORE GODFREY



ACT I - PATIENCE

A Magnificent Tribute

From an eminent Scholar and Gentleman.

Gilbert and Sullivan

It is my conviction that one of the best things that has happened in many years is the visit to the United States of the D'Oyly Carte Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company. These distinguished artists have done more to increase and to cement good fellowship between America and Great Britain than almost any other agency. They did not know when they planned this excursion whether it would be successful or not; they knew that our country was the home of jazz and musical comedy; they were not at all certain that light operas more than 50 years old, given without any changes or any concessions to what is supposed to be contemporary taste would be received with enthusiasm.

The fact is that the productions by this company have been and are the most successful entertainments in New York; the house is sold out for every performance, the stay in our metropolis has already been prolonged a month longer than was advertised originally; and it looks as if they might go on for two or three years if they wished.

The result is that all these British singers love Americans as they never loved them before; and on the other hand,

Americans are so delighted with the presentation of these operatic masterpieces and with the exquisite art displayed by the troupe from across the sea, that we have an affection for these singers and musicians that cannot be cooled or diminished by time.

The wit and humor of Gilbert, the lovely melodies of Sullivan, have been a fresh revelation; it is not too much to say they have helped to educate us in appreciation of the higher form of entertainment. Light opera, as exhibited by this company, is funnier than musical comedy and far more fascinating than jazz.

It would be a serious error to suppose that in the history of music these delightful comic operas take a secondary place. Sir Arthur Sullivan is the greatest musical composer in the history of Great Britain. His works are masterpieces.

We shall continue to talk about these performances long after the company have returned to their native land; and it is certain that in their native land they will have only the most enthusiastic and most affectionate expressions in talking about Americans.

William Lyon Phelps



ACT I. — IOLANTHE



